

Northern Messenger

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A Problem

AND A FAVOR ASKED.

A problem has been before the publishers of the 'Northern Messenger' for some time, namely, how would it be possible with the increasing cost of production, to continue to supply it at so low a price as hitherto? The only way to avoid increasing the subscription rate was to induce one or more advertisers to stand a portion of the cost of production.

This we are glad to say we have been able to do, one of the finest firms in the Dominion agreeing to take a page regularly for a certain period on trial. If the page pays them it will doubtless be continued, and the subscription rates will not need to be raised.

It is, therefore, in the interest of 'Messenger' readers that advertising in this paper pays. Advertisers have very naturally a high appreciation of the readers of such a paper as the 'Messenger,' and it will be consequently to the readers interest in writing to advertisers to say they take the 'Northern Messenger.' Also it is well to address the firm exactly as the address is given in the paper, as that prevents the letter going astray and carries them at once to the proper department for prompt attention.

The Power That Survives.

The glory of the series of world's fairs which, since that at Philadelphia in 1876, has erected one 'white city' after another,—in Chicago, Atlanta, Nashville, Omaha, Buffalo, St. Louis, Portland, Jamestown,—has not caused the middle-aged people of the middle West to forget the great exhibitions which annually for a series of years took place in Chicago, Cincinnati and other cities.

Something they did to pave the way for the greater fairs that were to follow; something they accomplished in the varied displays of mechanical and artistic products; and in some cities permanent results are traceable; as in Cincinnati, where great musical festivals held in the exposition building gave the city just fame; and in Chicago, where Theodore Thomas long gave his concerts in the fair building, while the rest of the city was developing toward the fine orchestral hall which crowned the life-work of that master of music.

From a near-by town came a village pastor to see the great annual exhibition in Chicago in its building, then new, on the lake front; and having a bent for mechanics, and some experience and skill, he soon sought out machinery; and wondering that machines so many and varied should be running with power from a single source, he found his way to the engine-room.

There, to his amazement, he found the engine was one he had built himself.

He rubbed his eyes and looked again; he examined the giant from end to end; there was no doubt about it; it was his very own. He had crept through its great boilers before they had a single flue; he had crawled beneath them when they were first set up; he had witnessed and superintended the forging of every part; he had overseen the adjust-

And they journeyed from Mount Hor by the way of the Red Sea, to compass the land of Edom; and the soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way. And the people spoke against God and against Moses: 'Wherefore have ye brought us up out of

'We have sinned because we have spoken against the Lord, and against thee; pray unto the Lord, that he take away the serpents from us.' And Moses prayed for the people and the Lord said unto Moses:

'Make thee a fiery serpent, and set it on a



Egypt to die in the wilderness? for there is no bread and there is no water; and our soul loatheth this light bread.'

And the Lord sent fiery serpents among the people and they bit the people; and much people of Israel died. And the people came to Moses and said:

ment of very bolt and valve and rod; it was his own.

As a boy he had been bred a mechanic, and had become a skilled machinist in a Connecticut machine-shop. His firm established a branch house at Buffalo, and put him in charge of it. The greatest single work of the branch under his administration was the building of a powerful engine for a mill in Chicago. Trusted with the responsibility for so great a work, he spared no effort to do it

standard; and it shall come to pass, that every one that is bitten, when he seeth it, shall live.'

And Moses made a serpent of brass and set it upon the standard: and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he looked unto the serpent of brass, he lived.

superbly well; and when the work was ready to be set up, he went to Chicago and built the engine into its place.

That first journey to the middle West broadened his vision of life. He gave himself the more diligently to his work, and to reading, and in time took a course in theology, and entered the ministry. Returning, for his pastoral work, to the region which he had seen on the occasion of his one visit, he thought now and then of the errand which

had brought him West before; but the Chicago fire had laid the city low, and the large mill was destroyed, and that chapter of his experience seemed to have left no memorial. It was, excepting to himself, as if it had not been. But when the debris of the fire was cleared away, the fine engine had been found but little injured; and in the great fair the builder, after he thought it to have perished, found it still strong and steady, and doing work far beyond the dreams of the man who made it.

A few weeks ago this same minister, now and for many years a college professor and a writer of books, retired upon a Carnegie pension. In the quiet of a ripe and sweet old age he waits for another transformation. And some of his friends have thought of his earlier experience as a parable.

When what we call life is ended, and the great change and seeming ruin of what we call death has come and gone, shall not he who is faithful stand at last beside every well-wrought piece of mechanism which he wrought in life, and find it not lost or hopelessly broken, but with marvellous and diversified uses for which it is adapted?

Our visions of the other life are dim: 'Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man' the reality of its glorious activities. But now and then this life affords some faint analogy which helps us to conjecture some of its blessed and beautiful occupations. And this we know: that every well-wrought purpose, every work of virtue and fidelity, every life that builds faithfully and well has its imperishable heritage in the purpose of the Almighty. It is well for us to cherish all lessons that make real this truth, and assure us that our labor is not in vain in the Lord.—'Youth's Companion.'

Only a Sojourner.

The next time you are in London, if you go along by Hyde park yonder, look at the second house by the gate; it belongs to Lord Rothchild, who is perhaps the richest man in the world. He is a power in the world. Look at his house, look at the marble pillars in it, and at the cornice yonder; there, at the end of one of the cornices it is unfinished. He is an orthodox Jew; and every Jew's house, according to tradition, has some piece unfinished, to bear testimony that the occupier is but a pilgrim here; that he is looking, like Father Abraham, for the 'city that hath foundations;' and there the unfinished cornice of the Jews says, beautiful as it is: 'This is not my home; I am travelling to eternity.' Soul, in your business leave the marble cornice unfinished. Let it be seen at your work that it is not all work; that though you are toiling day by day for the daily bread, yet you are travelling free to the eternal home. O, lay hold on Jesus; he has come to set you free! Arise, for the light has come!—'Christian Scotsman.'

Religious Notes.

Says the 'Missionary Herald,' organ of the American Board: 'We can report that in addition to the 572 sent from this land into these foreign regions, there have been raised up on mission ground 4,145 native agents who are co-operating in this work of evangelizing the nations. They are preachers, evangelists, teachers, catechists, and Bible women, trained in our schools and doing effective work. Numerically this native force is seven times greater than that sent from America. There are 580 organized churches and over 1,700 places where Christian worship is regularly maintained. These churches have an enrolled membership of 68,952 communicants, to which were added on confession the last year 6,331, an average of over 10 members to each church. In the 13 theological schools there are 1,12 students for the ministry. In our 15 colleges there are over 2,600 students. In 113 schools of higher grade there are over 8,000 pupils; of the lower grades there are 1,241 schools; so that there are under instruction in schools of all grades a total of 63,152 scholars.'

If the number of additions on confession be divided by 52, it will appear that every Sun-

day an average of more than 120 members were received.

It is reported from China that the Governor of Shen-Si has removed the famous Nestorian Tablet from its ancient exposed situation in an open field outside the capital, Siang-fu, and has placed it in the Peilin Temple, inside the walls of the city.

It is assumed that the increasing number of European vandals in the province since 1902 aroused the Governor's fear that the tablet would be stolen.

This Nestorian Tablet, was erected in 1781 A.D., and records the arrival at Siang-fu, then the capital of the Chinese Empire in A.D. 635 of the Nestorian priest Clopin from Syria, and gives a brief summary of the Nestorian Christians in China from A.D. 635 up to 1781. The Nestorians were a sect of Christians named after Nestorius, a Patriarch of Constantinople, who lived in the fifth century.

Our Labrador Work.

Log of the S.S. 'Strathcona.'

Dear Mr. Editor,—As we worked up the bay, leaving the head post of the Hudson's Bay Company for Labrador, we gradually drew into the fresh water of the wonderful inland lake series of Hamilton Inlet, enjoying the satisfaction that every mile meant fresher water in our boiler and a cleaner bottom to our ship, for the weed and animal life that grow even on a steel vessel freshly coated with copper paint cannot abide fresh water and live. When at length we came to an anchor, we were in a beautiful river, and could have tied up to a tree. Hot, sunny, and vividly green, we were almost in a new country. Our objective was the new settlement of the 'Grand River Pulp and Lumber Company,' and half a mile up a side branch brought us to it. One seemed almost immediately transported to another land. There were roads, with cart ruts on each side, fields with gates; houses, stores, and a fine school, with a clever Canadian teacher, and bare-legged boys, and girls in pretty bright colored print dresses. We saw horses, cattle, fowls, and even frogs jumping into the pool. It was very hot to us from the outside, clad in garments for the Polar current, and we were keen to go bathing at once to cool off. The temperature up inland is infinitely more equable than outside, and the rapidity with which oats and barely grow in the long hours of sunshine is phenomenal. Potatoes, carrots, peas and beets do well up here. It seemed to us that the rapid growth might be also due to more chlorophyll in the leaves. For I never anywhere noticed such intense greens. One had to keep pinching oneself to see if one was awake, and really in the Labrador that we know. The reason we have never been so far in before has been partly due to our not being able to do half we wished, and the lonely dwellers outside have been more than enough. But also there is only 12 feet of water on the bar of this mighty river, and we could not get up without the company's buoys to mark the channel. The mills were doing good work, and a third one is to be erected in the large scow ten miles further up, where another large river joins. The manager will try to run this all the winter, that he may have a cargo for the steamer that brings his supplies in spring. We passed, on the way in, a schooner with cargo lost on the sands a few days ago, and were called on to settle the disposition of the salvaged goods. The owner and master had never before been caught napping, and when forced to leave the boat to save their lives, they had omitted to put out an anchor. So it happened the vessel was driven up half a mile further in on the sands, and the nearest the steamer could get to her was over a quarter of a mile. It was thus impossible to haul her off, even though she lay on her bilge and had been relieved of her cargo. They will haul her up over the ice in the fall.

A day like that was all too short, and when we again headed for the ice outside, we had added to our freight a woman with cataract for operation, and a boy with tubercular knee, also for hospital.

Here at Grand Village the people were very short of fresh food, for cod do not reach in, and trout are very scarce this year. Large

ounananche, or land-locked salmon, are taken higher up the river in good quantities, but even the skill of my secretary, who is looked upon as a veritable 'Isaak Walton,' did not seduce a dish full of the speckled river trout here in this splendid looking spot. But perhaps of the changes that have occurred in this bay in my acquaintance, the greatest has been in the introduction of cash as a medium of exchange. Now, practically all the settlers are well off in this section. Some are rich. More than one has money in the Bank of Montreal, and they send delegate buyers to St. John's to buy for cash prices. Formerly, no money was given; barter was the only way, open, and as soon as the days of virgin furs, paths and un-netted rivers were passed, many fell into hopeless poverty, and almost all were living from hand to mouth. The stores of the new trading companies, stimulating competition, have also been of inestimable value to us. Nor do mosquitoes, the greatest present hindrance, make it impossible for homo bimana to exist here, as we might have expected. They seem worse on the outside and, though one man told us when he went one day in the spring to dip drinking water from his hole through the ice, he had to bucket out five bucketsful of mosquitoes before he got attractive water.

Heavy fog overtook us outside, and it was late on Saturday evening before we came to an anchor off Indian Harbor Hospital. Poor news waited us. We learned after landing our new batch of sick folk, that the nurse from Baltimore, in charge of our Southern Hospital, was down with scarlet fever, and a supply had had to be sent at very considerable expense, as her hospital was full of patients. It meant hiring a fishing steam launch specially to carry her over the straits, as there is no communication across by mail vessels.

Also a young skipper landed on our last visit was dead—a man whose life we had hoped to save. A beautiful Sunday brought a large crowd to services, and the funeral on the rock side of this barren island was very impressive. A brave fellow, fishing up till the very last day, he said as he came over our rail, 'I'm done for this time'—and indeed he looked it. But it had seemed a man with vitality to be out in a fishing boat tending his nets till the day before, might be able to pull through. Cheerfully, uncomplainingly he had faced the last enemy. It meant hardship indeed to his wife, for the summer earnings were lost now, and the kindly crowd of sailors and fishermen who gathered, put together a nice little sum between them to help her somewhat to face the troubles in store.

W. T. GRENFELL, C.M.G., M.D.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the maintenance of the launch: Well-wishers, Pictou, Ont., \$1.00; Peveril Sunday School, \$5.00; Mattie Bacon, Kinistino, Sask., \$2.50; A Friend, Inghagala, \$2.00; Master Alton Ricker, Rockville, 25 cents; two 'Friends,' Clarence, Ont., \$1.00; A. M. Boosey, Embro, Ont., 50 cents; Miss E. Barton, Renfrew, Ont., \$1.00; P. Kinnear, Brock Ave., Toronto, \$1.00; a well-wisher, Stellarton, \$1.00; D. E. Wilson, St. Joseph, \$1.00; J. M. Meliquam, \$2.00; Mr. D. J. Meredith, Vernonville, \$7.60; Dave and Fannie, Bowood, Ont., 50 cents; E. Treneman, Burford, Ont., \$1.00; Total... \$ 27.35

Received for the cots: Well-wishers, Pictou, Ont., \$1.00; Mrs. Bonham Clay, University St., Montreal, \$3.00; two 'Friends,' Clarence, Ont., \$1.00; Mrs. Sharp, Rockside, \$4.00; Mrs. A. McMillan, Gould Station, \$2.00; Mrs. M. Seath, Stella, Amherst Island, \$2.00; Dave and Fannie, Bowood, Ont., 50 cents. Total... \$ 13.50

Received for the komatik: A Friend, Inghagala, \$4.00; W. F. F. Hart, Lac Ste. Anne, \$2.00; Total... \$ 6.00

Previously acknowledged for all purposes... \$ 1,166.08

Total received up to Jan. 8... \$ 1,212.93
Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.



LESSON.—SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1908.

Jesus the Saviour of the World.

John iii., 14-21. Memory verses 14-16. Read John i.-xxi.

Golden Text.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John iii., 16.

Home Readings.

Monday, January 27.—John iii., 1-17.
Tuesday, January 28.—John iii., 18-30.
Wednesday, January 29.—Rom. v., 1-21.
Thursday, January 30.—1. John iii., 1-11.
Friday, January 31.—1. John iv., 4-19.
Saturday, February 1.—Gal. vi., 1-18.
Sunday, February 2.—1. Pet. i., 3-25.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Do you know what love is? Let us think a little while what it means. Does any one love you, Willie? To be sure your father and your mother do, so they give you a nice home to live in and food to eat and clothes to wear. And do you love anybody? You love your father and mother, and do you give them anything? However, there is something that a boy gives his mother because he loves her, and that is obedience. There are not many things little folk can give to those they love, but as soon as we really know that we love anybody we want to give them something, and if we keep giving ourselves the best of everything, that shows who is the person that we love best, doesn't it? What does our Golden Text say? 'God so loved the world that he gave his . . . son.' Willie, do you know how much your father loves you? Suppose you asked him, 'Dad, how much would you sell me for?' He might say 'money couldn't buy you, my son,' or perhaps he would laugh at you for asking such a question. Fathers love their sons too much to sell them. Do you think then, that he would give you away? But perhaps when you grow to be a man there may come a time when our country will be in danger, and then if you say, 'Father I want to go and fight for our country, will you let me go?' He will say, 'Yes,' although he knows that perhaps you may die and he will not see you again. He is willing to 'give' you to your country, because you may be able to help save a great many others. So our text says God gave his son to save all the world if they would only come to him. God knew that Jesus must suffer and die, but 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son.'

FOR THE SENIORS.

The visit of Nicodemus to Christ occurred during the early part of the Judean ministry in the first year of Christ's public service. The miracle of Cana had been followed by the cleansing of the temple, and other miracles about which we are not told in detail (John ii., 23; iii., 2). Christ, however, was widely talked about and Nicodemus was among those more deeply touched. Were it not that the reiteration of the fact that he 'came by night' (John vii., 50; xix., 39) conveys a hint that an early timidity was later overcome, there should be no suggestion of cowardice in his action. Christ and Nicodemus both were likely to be busy by day, and such matters as this earnest man would discuss would seem out of place in the push of a wondering crowd. The cool of the evening and Christ by himself

were the only suitable conditions. Anyhow it is British justice not to condemn a man unheard, and as the main point is the message of Christ, not the manner of Nicodemus in coming, too much time should not be given to that. If the previous lessons offered an embarrassment of riches for the scant study time allotted they are matched by this. In the words of Christ himself is given that great doctrine of the atonement, long the storm centre of attack and discussion in Christianity. Yet the 'sweet reasonableness' of God's divine method Christ thinks it only necessary to state—'God so loved,' that was all. Is any sacrifice too great for a mother to make in order to win a child's love and comprehension in return? Humanity exists, and being human is imperfect. God exists, and being perfect is incomprehensible to humanity. All the revelation of ages of love and goodness left in a man as blind as ever. God chose the only possible means by which man could be reached, it was inevitable that Christ should die—human evil confronted with his pure perfection inevitably resented the contrast and revolted. Self-defence demanded that they be removed. The words of Caiaphas (John xi., 49, 50) had, as the apostle shows, a divine significance he little thought.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE'.)

Verses 14-21. Into a score of brief verses are condensed the core truths out of which have sprouted whole forests of discourses and commentaries. The great, central truths of Christianity—human guilt, the atonement by Christ, regeneration by the Spirit, the doctrine of the Trinity, God's love in redemption, the need and the nature of faith, and the promise of Heaven—are all packed into this one short, simple, solemn talk.—T. L. Cuyler.

Verses 17-19. The apparent contradiction, that Jesus has not come to judge, and yet with His coming accomplishes judgment, the Evangelist now explains. Jesus has come into the world in truth only as the Light, and it now lies with men, if instead of light they love darkness (Matt. vi., 23) because their works are evil (1. John iii., 12).—Weiss.

Verse 21. To do the truth is at any rate to live up to what one knows; to live an honest, conscientious life.—Dods.

If the only begotten Son were not equal to the Father, the gift would be less than the measure of divine love.—George Keith.

Christ must become Man in order to suffer, and He must continue to be God in order that He may suffer enough for all.—Anselm.

FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES'.)

Verse 3. Life is full of illustrations. A stingy man cannot see the blessedness of giving. One who has no ear for music cannot understand the seventh-heaven exaltation of those who are filled with the spirit of music. Those who live and move and have their being in the works of the flesh do not understand, for they have not experienced the meaning, the blessedness, the glory of a life filled with the fruits of the spirit. He that is absorbed in the forms and organization of religion may be blind to the reality of the spiritual life these are intended to foster.

Verse 5. The Lord here declares that there are two elements or factors in the new birth; putting away the old life and receiving the new. Water was the natural and familiar symbol of cleansing from sin, of putting away the sinful past, of confession of sin. This act the Pharisees were not inclined to believe as applied to themselves. They refused to be baptized by John, and thus confess their need of forgiveness. Therefore to this Pharisee our Lord declares that an honest dying to the past is as needful as new life for the future . . . It is essential that our past be recognized as needing cleansing and forgiveness.—Exp. Greek Test. The same idea is found in Tit. iii., 3-5, where Paul describes the previous sinful state from which 'His mercy saved us, through the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Spirit.' 'One (the new birth) stands at the beginning of the inward life, and the other (baptism)

at the beginning of the corresponding outward life. And therefore Jesus could say, with the utmost propriety: 'You must confess me openly in the prescribed way—which you are unwilling to do—and you must also be the subject of a great spiritual change, which is represented by that confession, or you cannot enter my kingdom.' For the order of expression, which is rhetorical rather than logical compare Rom. x., 9. 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.'—Professor Hovey in the 'American Commentary.'

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Num. xxi., 4-9; Ezek. xl., 19; xviii., 31; John xv., 22, 24; Rom. viii., 31, 32; John xii., 32; 1. John iv., 8-11; Acts iv., 12; 1. Tim. i., 15; 11. Cor. ix., 15.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, February 2.—Topic—The real heart of Christian Endeavor. Col. iii., 1-4, 12-25; iv., 1-6. (Christian Endeavor Day. Consecration meeting.)

C. E. Topic.

Monday, January 27.—Confessing Christ. 1. John iv., 15.

Tuesday, January 28.—Loving God. Deut. ii., 1.

Wednesday, January 29.—Loving one another. 1. John iv., 7-11.

Thursday, January 30.—Serving Christ. Col. iii., 23, 24.

Friday, January 31.—Not loving the world. 1. John ii., 15-17.

Saturday, February 1.—Keeping His commandments. Ps. cxix., 1-8.

Sunday, February 2.—Topic—The real heart of Christian Endeavor. Col. iii., 1-4, 12-25; iv., 1-6. (Christian Endeavor Day.)

Every One Saved.

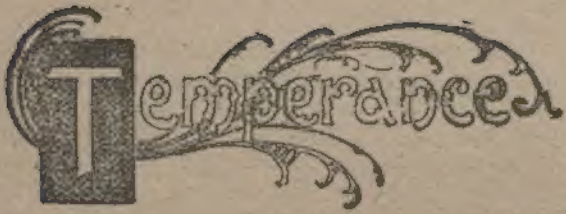
A lady teacher in the old country once expressed the opinion that she had prayed too much for her class of sixteen, for any of them to be lost. The narrator was a thoughtless girl at the time, and wondered at the remark, and thought it unduly self-confident. She was so sure. 'I shall have them all,' she would say. 'I will say to the Lord in the judgment, "Here am I and the class which Thou hast given me!"' And while she did not live to see it, the narrator, who was one of the class, did see every one of the sixteen brought into the kingdom.—Selected.

What to do With the Inattentive Pupils.

Inattention shows want of interest, and want of interest may generally be overcome in the unprejudiced young people, by a consciousness of responsibility. If one child is more inattentive than the others, ask him or her to take charge of the 'reference' department for a month. This will give them a sense of responsibility in listening for any text to which you may refer in the course of your teaching. If too young for this, keep your eye turned as frequently as possible upon the inattentive ones, and follow the glance with sudden and frequent smiles and questions, which you know they can certainly answer. All this must be done, however, with the manner of one asking a favor. The silken cord of control and discipline must be out of sight if you would win a child's true attention.—Selected.

Your Pastor.

Please show the 'Northern Messenger' to your pastor. At first sight he may not appreciate its intrinsic worth. But you can tell him how much more interesting it is than the ordinary Sunday School paper, and you can also assure him that it is very much cheaper than any other of its size—the price to Sunday Schools being just half the regular rate.



Big Jean Duval.

(F. S. Palmer, in 'Century'.)

Jean Duval crossed the Canada line
And smuggled back a jug of high wine.

Jean Duval threw his wife from the door,
Flung the children about the floor;
Ran to the wood and cried he would fight
And whip any beast in spruce-wood white,
Lynx or panther, moose-bull or bear;
But none came forth to take up his dare.

He pulled a young spruce from the ground,
Cleared high brush-heaps at a bound.
A deer heard him shout and dashed away,
But the old bear grumbled where he lay;
For the old bear dreamt of leafy trees,
Of sweet blueberries and honey-bees,
And it made him angry, awakened so
To a dreary world of frost and snow;
He started out to find what thing
Dared to disturb his dream of spring.

Jean Duval saw him crawl from his lair;
'Oh, ho!' he cried, 'is it you, old bear!
Come on, O black one, and I'll throw you
As out of the shanty my woman I threw!'—
The grouse flew nearer to watch the fight,
The white hare paused at so odd a sight;
The squirrel mocked, as a squirrel can,
To see such a tumbling given a man,
To see big Jean a-rolling go—
Worse than the wife he tossed in the snow!

At last the bear was through with him,
And Jean was sober, and sore of limb;
Sadly he took the homeward track,
Crept to his wife and besought her back.
'No more,' thought Jean, 'will I cross the
line;
There's trouble for me in a jug of high wine!'

One Man's Experience.

A correspondent in Connecticut says: In the issue of the 'Sunday School Times' for October 29, I find mention of a letter from a Massachusetts inquirer in regard to tobacco, and I would like said inquirer to know my personal experience in the same matter. For about thirty-one years previous to my conversion (at the age of forty), I had been the most abject slave of tobacco, and, realizing the injury to health and morals, had suffered the torments of hell, trying to break off the habit, without any success at all, each successive effort only binding me more firmly in the chains of habit. So you can imagine with what power the Spirit flashed this thought into my mind, that I must give up this habit if I would be a Christian, which I had determined, by God's help, to be; and for an instant it stood like a dead, blank wall between God and me, but then (as I believe) he spoke to me, 'All things whatsoever ye ask in faith, believing.' And I did believe, and I said to him, 'Thy will, not mine, be done,' and pitched my tobacco out of the window, and went on with my work, and when I went home the same with the store of tobacco there, and I've never had any craving for it since that hour. And if any one will put himself completely in God's hands, I think he may have the same experience. And it seems strange to me that any one should doubt it; for is not God 'the same yesterday, to-day, and forever?'—S. S. Times.

Alcohol and Inspiration.

Under this title the International Monatschrift gives the result of the efforts of the Students' Total Abstinence Union in Sweden to find out, from well-known artists and literary men, what their views are as to the influence of alcohol on the inspiration of ideas. The question put to them was: 'Is Alcohol in your opinion adapted to assist or to hinder an artistic or literary worker?' The

answers almost without exception were that its use hindered rather than helped them. Among those whose opinions were asked we find Auguste Rodin, the great sculptor, his answer was short and to the point. 'Those who depend on the use of alcohol to give them inspirations or suggestions are doomed to see themselves and their work soon forgotten.' Very interesting is Bjornstjerne Bjornson's reply: 'When I am engaged in literary work I never use alcoholic liquors, they would only hinder me. The ideas or fancies produced by alcoholic inspiration are not healthy nor probable, and are useless for my works.' Gustav Trensens says: 'Even a thimbleful of spirits weakens all my best faculties.' The Swedish painter, Georg Von Rosen, finishes his remarks as follows: 'Very far from believing that the use of alcohol helps to produce artistic ideas or conceptions, I am of the contrary opinion, and believe they will only be hysterical and monstrous, and in most cases they will lead to a weakening and finally to a break-up of all inspiring effort.'—'Temperance Record.'

The Alcohols That Kill.

This is the title of an article in 'Le Matin' by Professor Lancereaux dealing with liqueurs, or aromatic alcoholic drinks, from the scientific point of view and condemning their use. This is copied by 'L'Etoile Bleue,' with the opinions of a large number of contributors to the various French newspapers, and it is clear that a great and increasing interest is being taken in the question of the effects of the use of alcohol on the human system. M. Henri Rochfort in the 'Intransigeant' gives his entire approbation to all who are joining in the anti-alcoholic campaign, and he says that, as a consequence of the use of these liqueurs, the people are degenerating physically and morally, children are not given a fair chance in life owing to their starting in life with weak constitutions, for though many of the poorest parents seem unable to find money to buy bread, they manage somehow to find money to get drink.—'Temperance Record.'

Paganini and Alcohol.

The following story is told of Paganini, the greatest violinist the world has ever known:—A great artist, and friend of the player, who attended the Queen's Hall when the great violinist performed, remarked to Paganini, 'You have played those wonderful passages requiring the greatest finesse of touch absolutely without fault, except on two nights this week, but on those nights you slightly blurred certain notes. Why is it?' 'Ah,' replied the great violinist, 'before going on to the platform on those two nights I took a glass of wine. I felt conscious myself that in the most difficult passages I had not transcribed them perfectly.'

First Wrong Moves.

Ruskin, writing to the author of a work upon chess, said:—
'In all notes on chess that I ever read there is, to my notion, a want of care to point out where the losing player first goes wrong. Often it is said, "Such a move would be stronger," but scarcely ever why stronger, and no player ever confesses by what move he was first surprised.' Just the same thing has often occurred to us when we have seen the living wreck of a human being—a woman before the police-court for drunkenness, a man sentenced to prison for forgery, a married pair living in avoidable squalor, a stalwart man sunk to be a bar keeper. That woman once was an innocent child; that forger once held his head high as an honest citizen; that forlorn couple began their married life clean and decent; that bar keeper was once a respectable porter. In each of these cases there was a moment when the 'losing player first went wrong.' In some instances, though not in all, the individual can distinctly remember it, and the moment may have occurred very early in life. There are boys and girls, now apparently innocent and safe, who are meditating the false move, or making it without thought, which will bring them to dishonor and ruin, 20, 30, or 40 years hence. Two

thousand years ago it was a familiar saying that no one becomes base suddenly, and every one now living who has had opportunities to learn the history of criminals knows it to be true. There is only one safety for any of us, and that is to do right from the start, and to keep doing it.

Vote It Out.

Tune—Pass It On.

There's a demon in the glass—
Vote it out! Vote it out!
'Tis a chain of triple brass—
Vote it out! Vote it out!
O! there's many a bosom's throe,
And a world of bitter woe,
Lying underneath its flow—
Vote it out! Vote it out!

Chorus—

Vote it out! Vote it out!
Sparkling wine or tempting beer,
Vote it out! Vote it out!
Live for rum, you'll live in vain;
Live for Christ, you'll live again;
Live for Him! with Him you'll reign,
Vote it out! Vote it out!

There's a sting beneath its smile—
Vote it out! Vote it out!
And it sparkles to beguile—
Vote it out! Vote it out!
While it offers to defend,
And it flattens as a friend,
There is ruin in the end—
Vote it out! Vote it out!

All its mirth is but a snare—
Vote it out! Vote it out!
Though its promises are fair,
Vote it out! Vote it out!
For its smile becomes a grin,
And its pleasures turn to sin
While it draws its victims in—
Vote it out! Vote it out!

'Tis a tyrant o'er its slave—
Vote it out! Vote it out!
'Tis as cruel as the grave—
Vote it out! Vote it out!
Yes, there's bondage in its reign,
There is fury in its train,
There is death to heart and brain—
Vote it out! Vote it out!
—From 'Patriotic No License Songster,' com-
piled by Rev. O. R. Miller.

Self-control

A man who lately came over from America told the writer that on board the steamer one of the passengers went up to another in the smoking room and asked him to have a drink with him. The man thus invited continued reading a newspaper and made no reply. The other man again asked him to drink with him. No answer again. A third invitation was then given in these words:—'Sir, I have asked you in as friendly a way as possible to drink with me, and each time you went on with your reading, and had not the civility to answer me. Now I ask you for the third time if you will drink wine, whisky, or anything else with me?' The man then put aside his paper and answered very quietly:—'Do you see that glass, sir? Well, if I were to take even a quarter of it, I could not leave off until I had drunk all the liquor on board. This is why I would not drink with you.' All present admired the man's self-control, and learned a striking lesson on the danger of putting temptation in a brother's way.—'League Journal.'

Of the right and duty of Prohibition I have never doubted.—John G. Whittier.

Your Teacher.

Please show the Northern Messenger to your teacher. At first sight he may not appreciate its intrinsic worth. But you can tell him how much more interesting it is than the ordinary Sunday School paper, and you can also assure him that it is very much cheaper than any other of its size—the price to Sunday Schools being just half the regular rate.

Correspondence

Far away in England there lives a dear old lady who sends us the following:

It had been the habit of a family of sisters to each write a ghost tale to be read aloud on New Year's night. One of the sisters one year was so busy that she said she would just send a story called 'Faithful Unto Death,' in which a pet mouse was to figure:—

Scene: Paddington Station; night train, 31st of December.

'So sorry to see you go alone,' said the sta-

class-rooms. There are seven teachers. The most I think ever there was one hundred and eighteen. I will close with a puzzle: A bottle and a cork cost \$1.10, the bottle cost \$1.00 more than the cork. What did each cost?

FLORENCE SMALE

C., Alta.

Dear Editor,—We had a long fall this year. It just started to snow on the 7th of December, and last year it started on the 1st of November. I have three sisters and four brothers. One of my brothers has been working in New Westminster, B.C., since last

C., N.B.

Dear Editor,—As our teacher is sick we have no school. Our principal died a short while ago, so we have our minister's son to take his place. There is no school for grade V., as they can get no teacher. It is very cold to-day. The river was only frozen part of the way across, but is freezing to-day. I can answer Angel Fairchild's riddle (December 20). There were only boys. I will close with a riddle: Why is an angry man like 59 minutes past 12?

J. GILFORD BRUCE.

M., Man.

Dear Editor,—I am a girl 12 years old. My mother died 9 years ago. My father is living and four brothers. I live with my grandpa and grandma. My grandpa has taken the 'Messenger' for a number of years. Grandma gave me a calf for a present. I call it 'Daisy.' I am in the third reader at school.

GERTRUDE J. SELBY.

F., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have always taken the 'Messenger,' and think it is a lovely paper. I always look for the correspondence page first. I have a little kitten which I call Teddy, and I have four dolls. We are having a Christmas tree in our schoolhouse, and I have some songs to sing and a recitation. I have three sisters and only one brother.

IDA MAE CAMERON.

I., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on Wall street, and this is a lively place. It is full of fish and rabbits. Lots of hunters come hunting, but they are too slow to catch any. I have a dear friend with curly black hair, who came out from Scotland, and she plays the organ. Well, I must close, and will try to do better next time.

PRISCILLA KENNEDY.

OTHER LETTERS.

Olive H. Morgan, Y., N.B., answers Gertie Graham's riddle (January 3)—when they are asked. This is a question Olive asks: If a guest at a restaurant ate a lobster, and a second guest did the same, what would be the second guest's telephone number?

Elsie M. Wild, S.S.W., N.S., 'came from England two years ago last July,' and likes Canada 'very much.' Glad to hear that. Your riddle has been asked before, Elsie.

Catherine, Hughie, and Edna McLeod, G., Que., have put together a Bible alphabet which we hope to find room for some time. Catherine also sends a riddle, but it has been asked before. 'The school house is just across the road,' she says. How very handy.

Clifford A. Haines, G., Ont., spent New Year's Day at his grandma's home and wrote his greetings to the other members of the circle on that very day.

Percy Devenny, W., Ont., also spent part of the holidays at his grandpa's. No answer given to your riddle, Percy, but we guess it is really 'nothing,' is it not?

Florence Hamilton, B., Sask., used to live in Montreal. Do you remember it well, Florence?

Agnes Blake, T., Ont., had a birthday on a Sunday, 'and I did not have any girls in to play.' However, it won't be Sunday next year, will it Agnes?

Jean Ritchie, F.C., P. Que., has two sisters, 'and we all hung up our stockings on Christmas Eve and Santa Claus filled them up with nice things.' More greetings to the other correspondents from Jean.

Rosa Campbell, S.H., Ont., also sends New Year good wishes. Rosa 'won a diploma for memorizing one hundred Bible verses.'

Pearl White, B., Ont., is a leap year girl, her birthday is on February 29, so she will have a real one this year at least.

Maggie Nason, U.H., N.B., deserves a compliment for the nice looking letter she writes.

Little letters were also received from Norma Little letters were also received from Norma nie Fisher, S.H.R., N.S., and Etta Martin, L., Ont.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'The Man and the Serpent.' Marguerite Reilly (age 11), A., P. Que.

2. 'The Albatross.' Graydon Sipe (age 8), C., Alta.

3. 'House.' Ross Campbell (age 8), S.H., Ont.

4. 'S. S. Northumberland.' George M. Sinclair (age 12), H., N.S.

5. 'Scene.' Ross Urquhart, A., N.S.

6. 'Our Church.' W. Stewart McCullough (age 5), Toronto.

7. 'House.' Clifford A. Haines, G., Ont.

8. 'Engine.' Allan McClelland (age 8), K.S., Ont.

9. 'My Beauty.' M. A. B., Little Current, Ont.

10. 'The Jockey.' Sydney Baker (age 7), Toronto.

11. 'My Uncle John's Home.' Willie Roys (age 11), M.R., Ont.

12. 'A Lonely Place.' Dave Beel, S., Ont.

tion master, 'but I have made everything comfortable for you, and hope you and your merry little pet will have a safe journey and a happy New Year; good night. Now, guard, be sure you attend to the lady.'

'Thank you both most kindly; a happy New Year to you both.'

Now, my little pet, we shall soon be there, so do not shiver so; and you must try to amuse the poor little girl who is always on the sofa, never able to dance like you, and you must go through my wedding ring for her. She will admire your pretty brown eyes and pink tail It is near twelve now and we shall soon be there Crash! Crash! Derailed! Oh, doctor. Here, porter, show your light. Dead and cold, a crushed bird-cage. What is that? as a scrap of white ran over the old lady's sleeve. Send for the ambulance. Here, clear off the snow. Why, what is this? A tiny white mouse with pretty brown eyes and pink tail had crept into the cold hand of her dead mistress.

F. J. R.

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have 'got the whooping cough still. Our mill is going now. We have nine men in all and four boys besides; isn't that a gang? There is a ball and sale at 'Tory Hill' near us. Our men went to it on Tuesday, and are not back yet. Friday night my brother in the West got his leg cut badly, but is getting better.

MINNIE MAY HADLEY (age 8 years).

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have no sleighing now, but it has been very good skating. I have not been out skating much yet this winter. I live on a farm of 150 acres and we have 50 more rented. We expect to put up a cement silo next summer. We make about 20 lbs. of butter a week and milk six cows. We have a very large church. Some ministers say it is the finest country church they ever saw. It has a large basement, which is divided into

March. Our nearest town is two and one-half miles from here. I am the only girl at home; two of my sisters are working out and one is married. Our grain is not very good this year, as it got frozen. We have seven hundred bushels. We only threshed a little oats and barley.

MABEL SIPE.

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My home is on Front street and we have the view of the river, summer and winter. In the summer we see the boats passing to and fro, and in the winter the teams, and people crossing on the ice. I enjoy watching for the drawings in the 'Messenger' and reading the letters.

RUTH HENRY.

C., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm with my uncle. I have one sister, but no brothers. My mamma died when I was two years old, and ever since I have lived with my uncle. We live near the lake and have lots of fun in winter on the ice.

VIOLA M. WARD (aged 11).

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to St. George's Sunday School. Our minister is a very nice man. We are going to have our sleigh ride on the 12th of the new year. I am a little boy eight years old. I have one sister named Hilda. We have one hundred hens and they are 'beginning to lay nicely. I have two cats and a banty rooster and hen.

W. H. H. JOHNSTON.

W., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My cat's name is Dandie. She is not quite grown, but she can sing beautiful songs. My dog's name is Jack. I have had him out hunting twice this winter. My calf is red and white. I call her Emily. She is very fond of me. My brothers have come home for the winter.

THOMAS RODDER.

BOYS AND GIRLS

What God Does For Boys.

God wants the boys, all kinds of boys,
To love Him, serve Him, do His will;
He wants those boys that make a noise,
And those who keep so very still.

God calls the boys, yes, every one—
Those that are in and out of school;
Though jumping, shouting, full of fun,
He leaves none out; that is His rule;

God loves the boys of every kind,
The rich and poor, the short and tall;
Even for wicked ones, you'll find
His grace is given to one and all.

God gives the boys a tender heart,
And says, just so they all can hear,
'Will you not choose the better part
Just now, while Jesus is so near?'

Christ died for boys; He knows their need
Of all His precious blood can do;
The 'Bread of Life' their souls will feed,
And gives them 'living water,' too.

—Standard.

To be a Christian is stout performance as well as holy exercise; it is belonging to the front rank of society, but marching with the rear rank, and helping to carry the knapsack of those that are tired. Loyalty to Christ means carrying forward in our century the work he began in his; not only keeping up with the rush of the times and the push of necessity ourselves, but helping to keep in trim and in step some poor stragglers that have fallen out, and have no heart and sound legs to keep up with.—Chas. H. Parkhurst, D.D.

Buttered Bread.

(By M. M. N. S.)

'It's getting colder every minute!' cried a cheery voice from the hall, accompanied by a stamping of feet and the sounds of rubber boots flung into a closet. 'And the wind's blowing like anything from everywhere at once; the drifts—the voice was lost as its owner seemed to follow the boots into the closet's depths, then—'We're in for a regular nor'wester, I believe.' Here the voice became embodied in the person of Louisa, big and rosy, and beaming upon the family gathered cosily around the table in the living-room.

Although it was only four o'clock the short December day was darkening into twilight and the lamp was lighted. The father turned a page of his book and glanced with a far-away expression at his daughter in the doorway rubbing her hands. The mother's smile rested upon her lovingly and she paused in her busy sewing to push a chair nearer the stove with an inviting gesture.

'I hope not really a bad storm,' she said, 'I'm anxious about the poor Hansens and we're not very abundantly provided with wood ourselves. We may have to go to bed early as it is.'

The two little girls who were playing checkers looked sober at this prospect. Early to bed was not a pleasant thought to them, but Anna, the oldest sister, cheered them up. 'Why not turn our necessity into a dissipation?' she asked. 'Let us burn midnight oil and midnight wood and then when we do go to bed stay there until noon, so we would save on the breakfast too, and yet nobody would feel imposed upon.'

'Good for you, Nan!' cried Louisa. 'I say we try that plan before the actual need is upon us; it ought to be rehearsed.'

Just then some one tapped at the window and they saw through the uncurtained pane a little hooded face gazing in at them.

'It's little Tiny Hansen!' they exclaimed in chorus.

'I'll let her in,' said the mother; 'she will want to see me,' and she left the room.

'Marmee is a guardian angel to that family and I don't think they deserve her. They know we're just as poor as we can decently be and yet they do all their asking here. I wish they'd make friends somewhere else and give us a chance to divide the blessing that follows giving.' Anna broke her thread with

energy, looking as stern as if she were lecturing the collected Hansens.

'I agree with you,' said Louisa, glowering at the stove. 'I don't mind giving them our dinner now and then or knitting their stockings and petticoats, but I do object to Marmee's going over there and nursing them through diseases, and if this is a simple request for her to help to-night with measles or smallpox I'm going to forbid it.'

She glanced at her father's profile; the good man deep in his Plato was quite evidently unconscious that any change had taken place in the room. Louisa sighed and shook her head, and meeting Nan's eyes they both smiled affectionately at the absorbed scholar.

The door opened and their mother appeared. 'Listen, dear,' she said, laying her hand across the pages of Plato, 'you must decide what is to be done.'

Her husband put down the book and folded her hand in his. 'It is the small-pox,' muttered Louisa. 'They all looked up expectantly.'

'The Hansen baby is sick and the doctor told them not to let it feel cold or breathe the cold air, so they have had to keep the fire up for the last two nights, and now they have only half a dozen small sticks left. Tiny and Carl have come to ask for some wood to carry them over Sunday. We have just barely enough for our own use; if we give any away we shall be in their plight before to-morrow night.'

The girls looked at their father, awaiting his answer, but knowing perfectly well what it would be.

'It is our plain duty—as well as privilege—to share God's good gifts,' he said, opening his book again. 'He will see to it that we do not suffer. His goodness will never fail if we are not selfish with our mercies.'

'Plainly this is where we take to our beds and while away the time by telling stories,' Louisa remarked cheerfully. 'We four children can tuck ourselves into the big bed and be as gay as you please.'

'My dear, good little girls!' said their mother, seeming to embrace them all with the love in her voice and her smile. 'Now come help Tiny and Carl to load their wheelbarrow in the woodshed.'

Half an hour later the cosy group around the lamp was disturbed again, this time by a loud 'thump, thump' on the door. 'It's the raven with the prophet's supplies,' said Louisa with a mischievous glance at her father, 'only it's in the shape of an angel with a cord of wood this time. I'll let him in; 'twould do me good to see an angel.'

In less than a minute she was back, laughter and excitement making her words tumble over each other so that her announcement sounded like this to the family—

'Thewutsrillycum! Thewutsrillycum!'

'What!' shouted the little ones, dashing their game to the floor, 'what's come?'

'The angel,' replied their sister with sudden solemnity, and ushered in a big man in snow-covered overcoat, his beard as white from the glistening powder as any Kris Kingle's.

'Why, Mr. Collins, where do you come from? How do you happen to be in our neighborhood in such a storm? Have you met with an accident? Surprised inquiries greeted him from every one.

'Good day, sir. Thank you, ma'am I'm, no accident; my team's a strong one and the waggon's good too,' he responded. 'I've just stopped to ask what you might call a favor of you folks. I started to town with a load of wood along about noon, having nothing more to do on the farm; I thought as how maybe some folks I serve might be kind of low and glad to add to their woodpiles in view of this storm, so unusually early in the season. But I hadn't counted on its being quite such a storm as it is, and down here below Sewall's place I commenced to realize that it wern't possible for me to get to town and home again this night. Come to turn round, the thought struck me that pulling up Harvey's Hill with a full load in the teeth of this blow wern't a comfortable enterprise to face either, so I remembered you wern't far off and with a good-sized barn you don't use much, and the end of my story is I'd be obliged if you'd let me unload my wood in it. You can keep it and pay when you use it, or I'll haul it away soon's the roads are good again, whichever you please.'

'It makes me feel queer!' Nan exclaimed.

'It is certainly wonderful!' said her mother. 'You must have felt prophetic bones awhile

'CANADIAN PICTORIAL' COMPETITION

THE PRIZE FLAG.

'Who will win that prize flag?' is a question that has been agitating the minds of very many of our boy readers for the past few weeks, the prize flag (Canadian ensign of best marine hunting) that we offered to the boy (or girl) making the largest aggregate sales of the 'Canadian Pictorial' for November and December. The flag was to be a prize over and above all premiums or commissions that the winner might have secured in the regular way. The prize was open to all Canada outside of Montreal and suburbs, and the boys in the small towns or villages had to compete against those in Toronto, Hamilton, Winnipeg and other cities. Yet the prize goes to a ten-year-old boy in a small village in the newly settled parts of New Ontario. The winner is

MASTER CECIL MCLEAN,

who sold 102 copies of the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

Second—but some distance behind—came Harold McAulie, also from a small railway town in Western Ontario.

Next came Ottawa, then Hamilton, then New Brunswick and Manitoba, equal, and then British Columbia, and Saskatchewan and Alberta did not at all maintain their reputation for hustle, neither did the sunrise provinces of Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia compare favorably. It is hoped that they will show up better in the next competition announced below:

A word as to the prize winner, whose picture, by the way, will be seen in the February 'Pictorial.'

Cecil McLean started with the very first number of the 'Pictorial' and won a watch to begin with. Next came a fountain pen, and since then he has earned a watch chain and a large camera, besides a good round sum in cash commissions, and, of course, he long ago was given a nice rubber stamp with his name and address on. When we first put Cecil's picture in the 'Pictorial' portrait gallery last February we said that though only nine years old he weighed 165 pounds. Doubtless he weighs

more now, but that evidently does not keep him from getting round after business even ahead of some thin, spare chaps. Congratulations to him!

We append a list of those who have won honors in this flag contest—the best ten following the prize winner:

Honor Roll.

Harold McAulie, Ont.; Donnie McKay, Man.; Mike May Morris, Ont.; Harold Deans, Ont.; Harold Brewer, N.B.; Norman Davidson, Ont.; Douglas Wright, B. C.; Jas. B. Fraser, N.B.; Geo. Wood, Ont.; Gordon Morissette, Que.

NEXT COMPETITION.

Eleven Prizes.

Now as to the next competition—it will cover aggregate sales of January, February and March, and right now is the time to start. This time we give TWO FIRST PRIZES—one to boys in cities and large towns, one to boys in small towns and villages, and the prize will in each case be a genuine Waterman Fountain Pen. We will have patent ball clip attached to prevent losing it from vest pocket and we will send the style of nib best suited to your handwriting. This is a pen for a lifetime. No need to enlarge on it. Every one knows that 'if it's a Waterman, it's A 1.'

Besides the two first prizes we will give a nice book to the one heading the list in each of the nine provinces, exclusive of the boys winning the pens. Who will be the successful ones this time? If you have never tried yet, send in for a package of the splendid January issue to start on, with full instructions, premium list, etc. We give every order careful and prompt attention.

Address, John Dougall & Son, 'Writers' Block, Montreal. Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

ago, dear,' she added, smiling at her husband.

'When Mr. Collins greeted me with "Good afternoon, miss, I've a load of wood I'd like to leave with you," I just said, "Sir, you are a raven," and he looked scared enough to run away.' Louisa laughed at the memory.

The good farmer looked distracted enough now in the midst of these, to him, bewildering allusions, but when the situation was explained to him he was quite as much impressed as any one. Indeed, the serene prophet himself was the only one unruffled by the event, for as his faith had been complete he had no reason for astonishment at its reward.

Very soon Mr. Collins was homeward bound at a rattling pace and the family once more settled down to their various occupations.

'I think I've never felt so pleasant a fire,' Louisa remarked, adding another stick with wanton extravagance; 'and it's comfortable to think of the Hansens with theirs. I wasn't so pleased with the Hansens an hour ago as I am now.'

'Well, it's a lesson to us never to miss an opportunity of helping others,' said Nan in a tone of pious wisdom that made them all laugh.

'I'll tell you what it is,' said Louisa, 'it's a good illustration of Marmec's proverb, "Cast your bread upon the waters and it will return to you again—battered;"'

'After all, I see no reason why I should not tell names and story too, in this case. It was Louisa Alcott's mother, the "Marmec" of the "Little Women," who used to speak of "battered bread" in this fashion, and this is a true story of a happening in their lives when Miss Alcott was a little girl of thirteen.—Selected.

Saved by His Horse.

The intuition and sense of locality of the horse are well known, and are found invaluable at critical times, as illustrated in the following occurrence sent to the 'Little Chronicle':

'My great-grandfather lived in Vermont in the days when, if one wished to go to Boston, the journey could best be made on horseback. One spring, just as the ice had cleared from the rivers, he was returning home from that noted place on his favorite horse. It was pitch dark when he reached the river below where his farm lay. He crossed where the bridge had always been, arriving home after all the household had retired, and did not disturb them. The next morning his wife asked him how he crossed the river.

'On the bridge, of course,' was the reply.

'Why, you are crazy! The bridge went down stream when the ice went out,' exclaimed she.

'I don't believe it, and I shan't until I see for myself,' said the worthy man, starting up.

He went directly to the river, and there, spanning the stream, was one rather narrow plank, beneath which a torrent of muddy water poured. His plucky horse had, in the inky darkness, crossed on that single plank.

The Piazza Girl.

'There have been six girls in the office this morning,' the dean remarked, glancing keenly at the gray-eyed girl before him, 'who have said that they were willing to do anything to earn a little money.'

The gray-eyed girl did not flinch. 'But I am ready to do anything,' she answered with a smile that emphasized the significant word.

The dean turned to his desk and rummaged in one of the pigeonholes.

'There are several ladies on the campus who are in need of some one to sweep their walks every day and wash the piazzas once or twice a week. Are you willing to do that? Of course it will not bring you in much, but it is all I have to offer at present.'

'I shall be glad to do it,' the girl replied. 'May I have their addresses? Thank you very much.'

The dean, leaning back in his chair, watched his visitor as she crossed the campus. Six other girls had refused the work that morning. 'But it remains to be seen whether she does it, after all,' he said to himself.

She did do it; every morning for nine days he passed her on his before-breakfast constitutional. She always spoke brightly, with no apparent consciousness of broom or mop.

'Means what she says, gives honest work, no false pride,' the dean thought with satisfaction. Then suddenly the piazzas had a relapse; when, two weeks later he met her, he asked about it.

'Oh,' she explained, 'I'm doing typewriting for Professor Sumner. He asked me if I could do it as well as I could sweep walks, and I told him I could. It is fascinating work—copying the notes of his experiments.'

'I've no doubt,' the dean declared, 'that you intend to perform experiments of your own some day.'

'I'm going to try,' she laughed.

When he reached that point in his favorite story, the old professor always stopped.

'And did she?' somebody was sure to ask.

'No,' he fumed, 'she went and married a young upstart of an instructor. She swept his piazza for a while, till he made a reputation, and she copied his notes, and I've no doubt did half his work—he always said so.'

'It seems a pity,' the sympathetic listener, lured on so far, would probably begin, only to be vehemently interrupted.

'Pity? Where's the pity? What's a pity? She helped a man do his work in the world, and brought up three sons, any one of whom would have washed piazza floors cheerfully to get an education. One is building bridges out West, one is helping build brains in the East, the third is still in college. I'd like to know how a woman could put her education to better use.'

Then he would smile and look out across the campus, with its group of girls.

'I used to doubt the wisdom of higher education for girls. The girl who washed piazzas converted me,' he would finish.—'Youth's Companion.'

Getting the Better of the Commonplace.

Steady-going goodness is harder than spectacular heroism. It calls for more endurance and more character to hold to the highest standards of life in the commonplaces of everyday routine than to nerve oneself up for a single and exceptional effort. The five-mile run is more exhausting than the hundred-yard dash. Yet this prolonged and severer test of everyday living is the only true test, and it is the one which we must all meet. Moreover, the best way to be ready for the emergency test, when it comes, is to live through the common day in the red-letter day spirit. No day was common to Christ, nor will it be to those who make every day His.—'S. S. Times.'

He's Counting on Us.

(S. D. Gordon.)

Somebody has supposed the scene that he thinks may have taken place after Jesus went back to heaven. The Master is walking with Gabriel, talking intently, earnestly. Gabriel is saying, 'Master, you died for the whole world down there, did you not?' 'Yes.' 'You must have suffered much,' with an earnest look into that great face. 'Yes,' again comes the answer in a wondrous voice, very quiet, but strangely full of deepest feeling. 'And do they all know about it?' 'Oh, no! Only a few in Palestine know about it so far.' 'Well, Master, what's your plan? What have you done about telling the world that you have died for them? What's your plan?'

'Well,' the Master is supposed to answer, 'I asked Peter, and James, and John, and little Scotch Andrew, and some more of them down there, just to make it the business of their

lives to tell others, and the others others, and yet others, and still others, until the last man in the farthest circle has heard the story, and has felt the thrilling and the thrilling power of it.'

And Gabriel knows us folks down here pretty well. He has had more than one contact with the earth. He knows the kind of stuff in us. And he is supposed to answer, with a sort of hesitating reluctance, as though he could see difficulties in the working of the plan, 'Yes—but—suppose Peter fails. Suppose after a while John simply does not tell others. Suppose their descendants, their successors away off in the first edge of the twentieth century, get so busy about things—some of them proper enough, some may be not quite so proper—that they do not tell others, what then?' And his eyes are big with intenseness of thought, for he is thinking of the suffering, and he is thinking, too, of the difference to the man who hasn't been told,—'What then?'

And back comes that quiet, wondrous voice of Jesus, 'Gabriel, I haven't made any other plans,—I'm counting on them!—Quiet talks on Service.'

The Soldiers Rest.

Soldiers rest! Thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking!
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing
Fairy streams of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dawning.
Soldier, rest! Thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing;
Trump nor pibroch summon here,
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill life may come,
At the daybreak from the fallow;
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here;
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! Thy chase is done,
While our slumbrous spells assail ye;
Dream not with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveille.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugles sound reveille.

—Sir Walter Scott.

Our Thoughts.

Every day we are becoming more like our thoughts. If they are mean and selfish, we cannot prevent ourselves from becoming so. If they are unclean and evil, our character and conduct will inevitably be shaped by them. It is true that 'as a man thinketh in his heart so is he.'

As Charles Kingsley says: 'Think about yourself; about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose on earth or in heaven either.'

And on the other hand, loving thoughts will produce loving acts; and a generous, kindly way of regarding others in our own minds will bring us to a generous, kindly treatment of them in daily life.—Robert E. Speer.

BOYS WANTED ALL OVER CANADA to sell the 'Canadian Pictorial'—Splendid premiums, watches, cameras, knives, etc., etc., etc. Send a postcard to-day for a package to start on, and full list of premiums, etc. We trust you. You pay when sold, and get your premium.

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P. S.—Read larger advertisement of 'Pictorial' on another page.

Black Peter.

(J. R. C., in the 'Chatterbox'.)

Our hero is not, as might be expected, from his name, the chief of a robber-band, or of a set of smugglers, but a splendid stag, who, in his day, was the chief ornament of the extensive park of a certain German Count. His name was simply Peter, but as he was of a very dark color, he got the nickname of 'Black Peter.' In his youth he was a good-tempered fellow enough, but as he grew older he became

tern, whilst I quietly made my escape, but I was scarcely behind the pines before Peter made a vigorous attack on them. He pushed and struck at them with his horns, keeping his head in the same position while he turned his body round and round in a semi-circle. Soon there was a breaking and cracking among the dry branches which caused a great noise in the stillness of the night, and, to my loud cry of "Help!" his "Won't you be quiet there?" was the immediate reply. Peter started; and when the cry was repeated, and the park-keeper was heard coming out of his

DON'T GAMBLE.

"Don't Gamble! You cannot win!" That's the advice to young men of one who has run a gambling-house for years, and has made a fortune out of the losses of his patrons. 'Any man,' he continues, 'who thinks he can beat the game is an ass. You cannot do it. The professional gambler alone gets the money in the end. You come to a gambling house and the proprietor is glad to see you win. Why? Because he knows he will get his money back, and yours, too. The per-



very uncertain in his conduct, frightened the visitors to the park, and at last only obeyed and respected the old park-keeper. No sooner did he hear his loud 'Won't you be quiet there?' than Peter's courage suddenly vanished, for that cry was always followed by some well-merited strokes of the whip.

One of Peter's special peculiarities was his dislike to anything new. Every change in the numerous bridges, paths, and fences in the park excited his anger, and frequently he would destroy in the night the wood-work which the carpenters had erected during the day. After these misdeeds there was always a great deal of difficulty to get Peter into his paddock. With his back against the fence, his head, with his splendid horns, bent low down, he would for a long time resist the showers of fagots or other missiles that were hurled at him, in order to make him enter the enclosure, though he had always to yield at last.

On one occasion a sportsman relates that he had vigorously assisted in pelting Peter into the paddock. Soon after, having to pass through the park late at night, he found himself followed by his old antagonist, evidently eager for vengeance. How he had escaped from his paddock no one knew. He was marching with stiff, solemn step, his head bent downwards. 'I remarked at once,' says the sportsman, 'that his ears were put back, a sign of ill-temper, and looked about for a place of refuge. Fortunately the pines stood very thick together in that place, and if I could succeed in reaching the nearest group of them I was at least protected from his first attack. Cautiously walking backwards, I put down the lantern which I carried, and then, with one jump, sprang behind the sheltering pine-trunks. I had an idea that the stag would occupy himself with the burning lan-

house door, my enemy beat a retreat, and trotted quickly through the lofty pine-trees. I took care in future not to be out in the park after dark.'

That Peter was not to be trifled with even by day was found next morning. The park-keeper's maid had, in spite of her master's warning, gone out early to fetch water from a neighboring brook. Suddenly Peter appeared on the opposite bank. The girl fled to a neighboring hill, in order to find a refuge in a hut that was there, but in two bounds the stag was over the brook, and would have overtaken her in the next moment if the girl had not just then let fall the water-buckets, which till now she had held. These rolled against the stag in the narrow steep path, and whilst Peter was knocking the buckets about the girl succeeded in reaching the hut. On her cry for help the old park-keeper hastened up, and found the stag standing in a ridiculous position before the hut. He bore one of the great heavy buckets on his horns, and was vainly trying to get rid of the burdensome ornament. This circumstance had saved the girl. The stag probably only wished to push the bucket out of his way, but in doing this the iron rim caught his horns, and so it came to pass that Peter strutted about for nearly a week with his bucket.

'Peter came at last to a tragic end. In order to fight with another stag which was confined in a neighboring enclosure, he impaled himself in the night on an iron fence, and was found dead next morning.'

Always Have Courage.

Whether you be men or women, you will never do anything in the world without courage. It is the greatest quality of the mind, next to honor.—James Allen.

centage is in his favor. You keep on betting with him, and he'll have all your money at the end of the game. It's only a question of time. A man who cannot afford to lose should never gamble, and the majority of people haven't enough money to spare to hand it over to the gambler. So, my young clerk, please stay away from the gambling business. It is hell and damnation in the end!—Selected.

Two Kinds of Reading.

A young boy found that he could read with interest nothing but sensational stories. The best books were placed in his hands, but they were not interesting. One afternoon, as he was reading a foolish story, he overheard some one say: 'That boy is a great reader; does he read anything that is worth reading?'

'No,' was the reply; 'his mind will run out if he keeps on reading after his present fashion. He used to be a sensible boy, till he took to reading nonsense and nothing else.'

The boy sat still for a time, then rose, threw the book into the ditch, went up to the man who said his mind would run out, and asked him whether he would let him have a good book to read.

'Will you read a good book if I will let you have one?'

'Yes, sir.'

'It will be hard work for you.'

'I will do it.'

'Well, come home with me, and I will lend you a good book.'

He went with him; and received the volume the man selected. 'There,' said the man, 'read that, and come and tell me what you have read.'

The lad kept his promise. He found it hard work to read simple and wise sentences, but

he persevered. The more he read, and the more he talked with his friends about what he read, the more interested he became. Here long he felt no desire to read the feeble and foolish books in which he had formerly delighted. He derived a great deal more pleasure from reading good books than he ever derived from reading poor ones. Besides, his mind began to grow. He came to be spoken of as an intelligent, promising young man, and his prospects are bright for a successful career. He owes everything to the reading of good books and to the gentleman who influenced him to read them.—*Christian Guardian.*

Not by a Single Bound.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound,
But we build the ladder, by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies
And we mount its summit round by round.

We rise by things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered by good and gain;
By the pride deposed, and the passion slain;
And the vanquished ill that we hourly meet.
—Selected.

The Bright Side.

'Dear,' sighed May, coming in from a trip down town. 'Such a miserable day! I forgot my overshoes, and the mud is dreadful. I don't see why it has to be such weather when I want to get out!'

'It has to be "such weather" sometimes, little girl,' laughed the mother. 'And yesterday I remember a little girl went out and had good walking and bright sunshine and a lovely time altogether, from her own account. So I would not forget the bright days for one cloudy day, dear.'

'That is so,' said May, the clouds disappearing from her face in a smile.

'And while that same girl was out enjoying herself I saw another girl, who is just getting well enough to sit up a part of each day, looking out of her window, and doubtless wishing that she could be walking like that lucky girl.'

'Poor Elsie! I have not been in to see her for several days. I'll go right along now,' exclaimed May.

'Very well. And please tell her for me how nice I think it is that she can sit up, while poor Helen Brown is still in bed.'

'I will. And I see the scheme—you want me to pass it along, don't you, mother dear?'

'Well,' said her mother, with a little twinkle, 'I never knew it to hurt any one to look on the bright side. Indeed, I like to leave off the first letter—for I think it is also the right side.'

'So do I,' agreed May.—*S. S. Messenger.*

Results the Worst Punishments.

No greater punishment for wrong-doing can come to any man than the simple result of his wrong-doing. All of God's punishments are of that sort; he never punishes arbitrarily, as human law-makers often do. Because of the mistaken popular notion of punishment as an arbitrary inflicting of pain in order to 'satisfy justice,' it might be better if we could do away with the word 'punishment' in the moral world entirely, and recognize that the only thing the wrong-doer has to fear is the sure and disastrous result of his wrong doing. A man is not deterred from setting fire to his own home by the thought that he will be punished for arson, but by the knowledge that he will be destroying possessions that are very precious to himself and to his dear ones. He does not, as a rule, refrain from murdering his wife or child because of his fear of a murderer's death, but because of the awful and irreparable disaster that such an act would mean. The simple results of such wrong-doing are plainly greater punishments than any penalty that man could inflict. It is the same with every wrong-doing, lesser and greater, though we do not so easily believe this of 'trifling' sins. God never needs to, and never does, 'punish' a child or us as a human judge sentences a criminal; he simply lets the result of our sin warn us of the death to which sin leads. He even interferes

with his own laws and averts many a result that we have incurred, when he hopes that such mercy will draw us to him. But it would be unloving to do that always; therefore by the punishment of results God seeks to win us to a life in which the result of every act shall be a joy.—*S. S. Times.*

Six Simple Rules for Good Letter Writing.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale devotes his editorial page in the September number of the 'Woman's Home Companion' to the subject of 'Letter Writing.'

He calls the attention of his readers to six simple rules that every one will do well to remember:

1. Know what you want to say.
2. Say it.
3. Use your own language.
4. Short words are better than long ones.
5. The fewer words, the better.
6. Leave out all fine passages.

As one of the judges in a recent prize letter writing contest, Dr. Hale had an exceptional opportunity of examining letters from over 30,000 women. Many of these, he says, were ruled out at once because the handwriting was not good.

The great besetting sin, however, of letter writers seems to be that they do not know what they want to say when they begin their letter, and flounder about, to the disgust of the reader, until they hit upon a subject. A few minutes spent in thought upon a letter before you begin to write will enhance its interest to the reader many fold.

Using Our Reputations.

Reputation has its uses as a stimulus. It is not of nearly so much account as character, to be sure; for our reputation is only what people think we are, while our character is what we are. But there is one way by which we can make of our reputations—and we all have more than one—valuable helpers. A shrewdly thoughtful business man has told how, in this advice: 'Be what your friends think you are; avoid being what your enemies say you are.' There is a sure way to justify our friends and to confound our enemies,—and nobody gets hurt by it.—*S. S. Times.*

The Return Visit.

'There seems to me to be one thing wrong about your slumming, Edith,' said Mr. Canfield, as his wife finished the story of her afternoon spent in the tenements. 'None of the people you visit return your calls.'

'Of course not,' said Mrs. Canfield, who did not quite like her husband's jokes about her philanthropies.

'Why "of course"? asked Mr. Canfield. 'Isn't that the custom in polite society? Why should not the cards of Mrs. Michael O'Tool and Madame Macaroni and Mrs. Owskeywowskey rest with the bunch you cherish and sigh over when you count up your social duties? I am sure those women are less absurd and very much more interesting than some people now on your calling list. And besides, if there is any religion in this thing, I think that would be what religiously might be called the square deal. This thing of going down to see Mrs. Owskeywowskey and asking her if her husband drinks, and what she puts into the soup, and not letting her come here and ask you the same, does not strike me as reciprocity.'

Mrs. Canfield thought a little, and then said, 'George, I can't tell half the time when you get to joking about my charities whether you are just a little bit serious or not. Are you, now, just a little bit in earnest?'

'Certainly!' replied her husband. 'Very much more than a little bit. If the thing is worth doing, it is worth doing on the square. How does that verse in the Bible read, "And ye visited me"? Isn't there a verse that says that? Well, how about paying the calls? Isn't that sort of implied? You might ask the minister about that.'

'No,' said she, 'I don't want to ask any one but you. Would you be willing I should ask Mrs. Grenovski—you did not get the name

quite correct—to come and spend the day here?'

'Why, yes, and the old man and the kids, too. I probably shall be busy, but—'

'No, you shall not be busy. I will see to that. They shall be invited on Decoration day. He will have a holiday, and so will you. And we will bestow our flowers on them.'

'All right, Edith. I'm no quitter. I'll see it through.'

They came, the whole family, the dresses starched stiff and the faces scrubbed till they shone. The narrow-chested tailor and his thin, pale wife were shy, but not uncouth. The children were painfully polite. The dinner occupied them, with little time for conversation, till five-year-old Alexis sank back with a sigh, and said, 'Gee, but I'm full!' which greatly distressed his mother, but pleased Mr. Canfield. And after the meal the whole juvenile portion of the family formed a procession, and marching round the table in a way that showed industrious drilling, solemnly saluted first Mrs. Canfield, and then, at the other end of the table, her husband, shaking hands with each, and saying, 'I thank you for de dinner, an' all!'

It was the funniest, sincerest little comedy ever invented, and the memory of it delighted Mr. Canfield for many a day.

But it did more than that. Mr. Canfield secured for the tailor a position that paid a little better wages, and, what was more, gave him light and air. And he made a suggestion concerning his wife which proved fruitful.

'You know,' said he to Mrs. Canfield, 'I believe half the matter with that woman is her teeth. I noticed when she ate, and I don't see how she can live and nourish a baby with so little opportunity to chew her food. And didn't you say she suffered from neuralgia besides? Now if that club of yours wants to do something worth while, buy her a set of teeth. Don't you have an artificial teeth fund, with all the rest? Well, you can create one. I'll give five toward it, and I'll see Doctor Deming, and he will make the teeth at cost.'

The thing was done, and it proved a success. The next visit of the Grenovskis showed more of color in the cheeks of both father and mother. And the procession, which formed at the gate in the regular and rehearsed order, passed Mr. Canfield, who happened to stand nearer, and saluted first Mrs. Canfield, and then in regular order her husband, saying, 'Thank you for de teet, an' all!—Yours a Companion.'

Conscience Not an Informationbureau.

If conscience is a safe guide to what is right and wrong, then the Bible is not needed. There is no half-way ground here, for a guide that needs guidance is no guide at all. And as a matter of fact, conscience is not a guide, and because so many souls mistakenly think it is, confused and wandering errors in the pathway of life are constantly made. Conscience is a 'monitor.' It prompts and prods; it urges 'Do what you know to be right; do not do what you know to be wrong.' But it does not instruct us in what is right and what is wrong; it is not a bureau of information. That instruction we receive from God in many different ways, of which the Bible and the training of parents and teachers are some. Therefore it will not do to settle back in the easy assurance that we have a safe guide in conscience. We have a tremendous responsibility to learn, from sources outside of ourselves, what is our duty, and those sources are always available when we really seek them.—*S. S. Times.*

Your Sunday School Superintendent.

Please show the 'Northern Messenger' to your Sunday School Superintendent. At first sight he may not appreciate its intrinsic worth. But you can tell him how much more interesting it is than the ordinary Sunday School paper, and you can also assure him that it is very much cheaper than any other of its size—the price to Sunday Schools being just half the regular rate.

LITTLE FOLKS

Raining Upside Down.

The little tin basin of water was empty, just as sure as the world! And Peggy had left the water in it the last time she made mud pies in the back yard, so as to be sure and have it ready to mix with next time. Peggy always made arrangements beforehand for things—even mud pies. And of course she hadn't thought of going out to grandpa's and staying so long, when she made this arrangement.

'Now, where's that water gone?' she mused. If it had been at grandpa's the chickens would have drunk it up, but here—'

'Poh! I know where it's gone to!' Dickey cried loftily. Dickey went to a big school, not kindergarten, and so he knew a great deal.

'It rained up—that's where it went,' he explained.

'It what, Dickey Plummer?'

'Rained up into the sky—it always does, and then, by'mby, it'll rain down again. Where'd you s'pose all the rain comes from?'

'Well, I didn't s'pose it came out o' my pan—so there!' cried Peggy's clear indignant voice, scornfully. Then she ran to her mamma to see what it all meant, for mamma always knew.

'Dickey says it rains upside down, mamma!' she cried. 'I guess he'd laugh to see it!' Mamma laughed to see Peggy's face.

'He can't see it, dear—nobody can, unless the air is so cold that it runs together in tiny drops and makes a mist or fog. Dickey was right—the water in your little tin pan was taken up into the air again, to rain down some day with other water the air has drawn up from the surface of ponds and rivers. If it should be very cold when it gets ready to come to us, it will be—what, Dickey?'

'A snow-storm,' said Dickey, promptly.

'Yes, dear. And so it goes back and forth between the sky and earth. It's one of the wonderful things the wonderful world is full of, little Peg.'—'Primary Education.'

Baby Frogs.

A froggy, who lived by a brook,
Had six little children to rear;
The creatures were all heads and tails,
For no legs had begun to appear.

Now, a friend of the Froggies was sitting

By the side of the brook one day,
When he spied the six young ones together—

Said he: 'Mr. Frog, what are they?'



'Oh, they are my babies,' said Froggie;

'You think they look funny, I see;

Well, now they are tadpoles, but soon

They'll be froggies exactly like me.



'Two legs will grow out on each side;

And, believe me, there will come a day

When, instead of just swimming about here,

They will hop quite a distance away!'

The friend looked surprised, and he answered;

'Ah, yes, my dear friend, so say you!'

But when passing that way a month later,

He saw for himself it was true.

—'Our Little Dots.'

'Where Did You Come From?'

Where did you come from, baby dear?

Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue?

Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?

Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here:

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?

A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm, white rose?

I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?

Three angels gave me at once—a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?

Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?

From the same box as cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?

God thought of me, and so I grew.

And how did you come to us, you dear?

God thought of you, and so I'm here.

—George Macdonald.

How to Have a Good Time.

'Well, twinses, did you have a good time?' asked Mrs. Grey, when her little girls came back from the beach to take a bath and a midday nap.

'Yes'm,' said Lacy, and 'No'm,' said Lula, in the same breath.

'Why didn't you have a good time, little sister?' mother asked Lula then.

'I don't know,' said Lula; 'maybe I didn't feel good.'

'Did Lacy let you play with the bucket?'

'Yes, I played wif it all the time.'

'All the time? And how about the shovel?'

'I played wif it all the time, too.'

'Ah,' said the mother, looking very wise, 'and who played with the flag, little sister?'

Lula hung her head.

'I played wif it all the time, too,' she said, presently.

'And what did my other little girl play with?' mother asked Lacy.

'I des played wif myself,' said number two, with a merry laugh, 'but I had a dood time.'

'Now I see what was the matter with Lula,' said mother; 'the sun may be shining, but it never looks bright to a little girl who keeps everything to herself.'

Lula did not say anything, but she understood just what mother meant, and when I saw them on the beach next day, Lacy had the bucket, and Lula had the flag, and they were using the shovel turn about.—'N. C. Advocate.'

The Barefoot Boys.

(By W. H. H., in the 'Daily News.')

O little boy, in the mansion set,
If you knew the charm of our
woolly pet,

With never a head, you would
cease to fret,
But would join us in the gutter.

O little boy, to a title born,
You need not gaze with an air of
scorn:

We've a capital time, tho' tattered
and torn,
In the spring-heel games of the
gutter.

O boy of style, in the latest hues,
When you have done with your
elegant shoes,
Remember your brothers who play
in the mews,
And we shall be shod, in the gutter.

Sewing.

My mother sews the whole day long
And makes such pretty things.
I think my mother likes to sew,
For while she sews she sings.



I think it very hard because
The needle eye's so small;
Sometimes I try to thread the point
And there's no eye at all.

Besides, the stitches are too large,
And there are other things
I really cannot understand
Just why my mother sings
—'The Child's Hour.'

Little Clare's Conversion.

Little Clare Brown of our town
From the City Library brought,
one day,
'An armful of books. I thought
from the looks
She would surely grow wise
right away.

There were some that told of
India's strand,
While others dealt with China land.
Thibet was there, and I declare!
The pictures were enough to
scare
A braver girl than little Clare.

Idols were pictured—hideous,
grim;
'And temples huge, grotesque and
dim;
The people, too, from every view
Looked wretched; just as if they
knew
The God's they worshipped were
not true.

Japan,—Korea,—she had them all,
And others that I don't recall;
But Africa, I know, was one,
And if a land beneath the sun
Is worse, find it! It can't be
done!

Those poor, poor huts, so small
and low
Like beehives setting in a row,
Those girls and women, bought
and sold,—
The picture did sad scenes un-
fold,—
Their degradation can't be told.

Well, little Clare the whole went
through,
'And me a-wondering what she'd
do.

Sometimes hot tears brimmed
o'er her eyes,
Sometimes she seemed dumb
with surprise;
But every day she grew more
wise!

'At last she spoke: 'I used to say'
That heathen girls were glad and
gay

'As I. They told me I must read
To learn the truth. So I agreed,
Although I thought there was no
need.

But—oh! 'neath every pagan sky
I've searched for girls as glad as I,
But nowhere, nowhere are they
found,
I've been to 'Earth's remotest
bound'
'And the equator circled round;
But where those dreadful idols
stare,
'And idol worship fills the air,
Why,—sad-eyed girls are every-
where!

So I'm convinced. Now I can see
The difference 'twixt them and me,
And if the Christ-love I can send
to those poor girls who need a
friend,
Both time and money I will
spend.'

Little Clare Brown of our town,
Took back all the library books
again;
But she'd learned her lesson; and
since that day
She's worked for missions with
might and main.

She says,—and I believe it's true,—
If selfish Christians would read
and hear
About missions, why, then Thank-
off'ring days
Would come, like sunshine, all
through the year.

—'S. S. Messenger.'

'Don'ts for Mothers.'

A Gospel of 'don'ts' is generally conceded to be an unhealthy mental diet to bring up children on; but there is little doubt but that a judicious amount administered to parents would be salutary. Mrs. Gabrielle E. Jackson is plainly of this opinion, for she has written a neat little volume, entitled 'Don'ts for Mothers' (Lee and Shepard), which aims to point out some of the stumbling blocks over which the cradle-rockers of the world sometimes stub their toes, trip, or fall flat. Not infrequently, says the foreword, a mother's love is her worst stumbling block, again unconscious selfishness causes much harm, or shortsightedness brings about no end of trouble. If all the practical, sensible, and cheery advice of the book were followed by mothers (and fathers, too, might well give heed to it), succeeding generations would be wiser, healthier, and happier for it.

Here are some of the don'ts selected at random:—

Don't expect the average nursemaid to give the intelligent attention you would yourself give.

Don't say, 'Oh, do be quiet!' or, 'Do sit still!' Remember that bones and muscles must develop. Make a place for them to do so. This is your duty.

Don't permit a fear to be implanted in your child.

Don't forget that 'What' and 'Why' are the best manifestations of a normal brain. Take time and pains to make it grow wisely.

Don't take your small child shopping.

Don't, as you value your motherhood, 'scold.'

Don't fail to give the reason why every time you give a command. You want the obedience of an intelligent, reasoning being, not that of an automaton.

Don't let your child suspect that the world can hold a more delightful companion than 'Mother,' if you would keep 'an anchor to windward.'

Don't forget that the mother who can enter into all her children's pleasures has discovered a marvellous 'youth restorer.'

Don't bring up your children upon a steady diet of 'Don'ts,' miserable, prickly little word that it is, and sure to rub the wrong way.

Don't correct your child in the presence of others. You yourself, would find this very hard to brook, so regard this little being as not less sensitive.

Don't overlook an untruth, yet weigh carefully between untruthfulness and a vivid imagination. It is often a hair-splitting task; but no mistakes should be made.

Don't forget that in assisting 'mother' into the car, in walking upon the outer edge of the sidewalk, in picking up the handkerchief she has let drop, your little laddie is moulding the true gentleman.

Don't fail to listen attentively and patiently to all the little trials which come into the lives of these small people. Help adjust them, and remember that at six they are as great in proportion as those which daily come into your own life.

Don't forget that sympathy for your children's 'fads and fancies' draws you closer to them.

Don't offer bribes as an inducement to good behaviour.

Don't forget that 'almost fourteen' are crucial years in the lives of your son and daughter.

Don't fail to insist, while your children are still schoolboys and schoolgirls, upon orderly habits in the home, and certain hours for certain duties. As a result of this method the good housewife and the thoughtful husband may bloom forth later.

Don't fail to make your smile your children's last memory as they depart for school. A ruffled spirit as a send-off puts the time out of joint for the entire day.

Don't treat your son and daughter at 20 as you would have treated them at 2. Remember that they are now a man and a woman.

Don't forget that you are, or ought to be,

your children's ideal of all that is perfection, and that it is your duty to live up to their ideals in every possible way. Not an easy task, but wonderfully inspiring.

A few people live their lives like a novel, knowing that every chapter has a bearing on the whole and that a continuous thread runs through all. But most of us pass our days as if we thought them a volume of short stories, which have not necessarily any connection with each other.—James Weber Linn.

"WITNESS"

OVER SIXTY YEARS OLD

The "Witness" (Daily and Weekly), gives all the news that is worthy the attention of the average reader. It keeps its readers well informed on all subjects of interest. The cable, marconigrams, the telegraph and the telephone, together with a staff of competent editors and reporters, all unite to make its news columns second to none.

The "Witness" editorial pages are acknowledged by its readers on all sides to be both fair and forceful.

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Prime Minister's Office, Ottawa.
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WILFRID LAURIER.

FROM THE LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION.

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Just see what others say of it and try it for yourself, using one of the coupons given above.—Read January Contents on another page.

You have struck the right note for a Canadian pictorial publication, in tone, sentiment and make-up. Success to you. G. H. Burnett, St. John, N.B.

The 'Canadian Pictorial' is a marvel for cheapness and excellence. I wish you great success with it.—Rev. T. B. Darby, Carbonear, Nfld.

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Please find enclosed renewal for 'Canadian Pictorial.' I am greatly pleased with this publication. No true Canadian should be without it.—Geo. Martin, Penhold, Alta.

The 'Pictorial' is the best yet.—Claude A. Standing, Belmont, Man.

If you have not yet seen the 'Canadian Pictorial' there is a great pleasure in store for you. The 'Canadian Pictorial' has no counterpart in its special field. It is the most expensively produced illustrated publication in Canada.—'Mail and Empire,' Toronto, Ont.

The 'Canadian Pictorial' displays excellent workmanship, and every illustration is a work of art. The pictures are fine; some fit for framing.—'The Mining Record,' Stellarton, N.S.

A special supply of the January Number is being reserved for subscribers who had not renewed time to prevent their name from dropping automatically from the January mailing list. As the entire edition will be rapidly absorbed, renewals should be sent as soon as possible to avoid loss of a single copy.

The Pictorial Publishing Co., 142 St. Peter St., Montreal.

HOUSEHOLD.

To Every Man His Work.

There is work for all in this world of ours,
Ho! idle dreamers in sunny bowers;
Ho! giddy triflers with time and health;
Ho! covetous hoarders of golden wealth;
There is work for each, there is work for all,
In the peasant's cot or baronial hall.

—Wail.

Each for the Other, and Both for God.

It had been a day—a long, delightful day of tender, happy, heart-felt talk; for Sylvia was soon to be a bride; and to her friend—a wife of many years, who had shared and sympathized with her every hope—she had opened her heart, revealing the dear anticipations she was cherishing, concerning 'him' and the future; which, being interpreted, was 'him' also.

And yet, though the long summer day had faded, and the two women were sitting in the dusk, watching the coming of the stars, some things there were that were still unsaid. Then it was, when the shadows sheltered each conscious face from the gaze of the other, that inmost heart could speak to inmost heart, uttering those deepest, most sacred things, which they could not look into each other's eyes and say.

Sylvia, resting on a cushion at the feet of the older woman, and leaning her head against her knee, spoke softly, wistfully.

'You have told me much that will help me, and that I shall be happier to remember all ways, and yet—'

'Yes, dear,' in a tone of invitation from the other.

But these were timid thoughts, reluctant to shape themselves to speech, and for a little time there was silence. Then, as a sympathetic hand rested softly on her hair, she ventured—

'When you and your husband first loved each other—as we do—and promised to share one another's lives, you looked for happiness in the spending of your lives together?'

'Yes, Sylvia, we were sure—as you are—that to unite our lives would bring us happiness.'

There was a moment's pause; then the low questioning went on.

'And is it possible for people to realize—do not answer, if I venture too far in my asking—have you, in your married life known such happiness as you thought to find in one another?'

Low and sweet was the voice that gave answer; and thrilling with deep feeling:

'Sylvia, our life of married companionship has lasted now for almost twenty years; years that have brought us the severe as well as the sweet realities of human experience. There have been times of struggle to escape poverty; and other times when the burden of ill-health was long endured. Then, too, the weary routine of every-day work and worry, that so often of itself is sufficient to wear away all the grace and beauty from life, leaving it threadbare and common. And in one bitter year, as you know, we parted with both our loved children. All these have been ours to bear and to share, and yet—this I say truly, and with deep thankfulness to God—the years that we have shared have brought to me far more, far deeper and truer happiness than I had ever thought or hoped to know; for love that came to us when we were both young that led us to unite our lives has never changed. As it glorified those early years, so it has endured to bless all the years that since have passed, until to-day, out of a full heart, I can utter this assurance, that we love one another more and better than on any yesterday. Whatever of trial has been laid upon us, whatever of joy has been withheld, this always has remained our sure possession, beyond the power of life's cruellest touch.'

Sylvia breathed softly a happy sigh.

'It is so beautiful,' she said. 'this reality

of a life-long love. If my heart's desire could be mine for the asking, this is the one gift I would ask of life, that the love which has been given to me, which makes life now so glad and sweet, should be mine always; should endure and abide through all of life's experiences, unmarred, untouched by time or change. And yet, a note of sadness quivered in her voice—it is not always so; I think sometimes it is not often so. Is it something that could be shared—might I hope to know from you—this secret of the lasting happiness that is yours, while so many lose or miss it altogether?'

'Dear child,' the answer came at length, 'truly the one supreme blessing that can crown the life of any woman is a faithful, unflinching, unchanging love. If to share with you the secret of my unbroken happiness can help you to reach like blessedness, I may not withhold it. And yet to unfold this secret is to approach with words sweet and sacred experiences of which I never thought to speak.'

'It seems but a little time ago that the knowledge came to me that I was loved, and when with happy, hopeful eyes I looked into the future. Into John's keeping I was ready to surrender myself, my life, and all my interests, without doubt or fear; assured that with him my future would be as safe as human power could make it. I had long known him as a true and steadfast man, the basis of whose character was faith in God and fidelity to duty.'

'One shadow only dimmed the brightness of my anticipations, and it was this: the fear that when closer association should bring to my husband a fuller knowledge of my character, and of all it lacked; and should reveal to him my many faults and defects, that then his love, which had come to be the joy of living, would chill and change and slip from my possession. Even to my marriage day the shadow of this fear followed me.'

'In planning for our marriage John had expressed the desire that we might have a little time, just with and for each other, before we should take up the routine of every-day life; and so we went away together for a week. It was a very modest little trip, including none of the modern wedding journey. Our arrangements provided for nothing more than a stay in a remote village on the edge of a lonely, lovely lake in Minnesota, where we might spend our days out-of-doors, amongst the lakes and forests.'

'Those seven summer days with one another, away from all the world, are days never to be forgotten. Our stopping place was a farmhouse, close to the water's edge; and there, in the cool of the evening, upon our marriage-day, we came—we two together, and all the world withdrawn.'

'I will show you some time, Sylvia, my little Bible, that went with us on that wedding journey. It is old now, and ragged past using. It was well worn then, for it was no unfamiliar thing for us to look together into its pages. I brought the little book to John, that we might receive its message of guidance as we should take our first steps into the untravelled future. But the dusk was all about us; so that there was a two-fold significance in his words, "We shall need a light, dear." So our lamp was lighted, and together we looked into those luminous pages whose brightness ever shone upon the untried and shadowy places of our life's path. "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." We read the familiar words; and then, holding my hand in his strong clasp, John said:

"Shall we pray together, dear, for God's blessing on our life?"

Hand in hand we knelt, as we have knelt each night since; and I heard for the first time my husband's voice in prayer, a prayer for God's guidance and blessing upon us through all the years that were to come.

'When we had risen, and while our hands still joined, then, as if to link together the sacredness of worship with the sacredness of love, I felt his kiss and heard his words:

"I love you, my wife."

'It was the first united act of our married life, this seeking the divine message, and

mingling of our souls in worship, this renewal of our pledge of love. There came to me at that moment the realization that human love is so sacred a thing that Christ has used it as the image of his own relation to His Church, and remembering, I realized that in to me less holy a relation we two had come to one another.

'It is upon this foundation that our happiness has rested. As this, our first day, ended, so at the close of each day since we have knelt with clasped hands before God, and never has the clasp been severed till the lips have again repeated their assurance of love. Not that our two natures, young and undisciplined, were adjusted to each other without friction or jar. For such a possibility human nature is too wayward; and of this wayward human nature neither one of us had less than a full share. So some days there were, sadly marred by carelessness and wilfulness, by hasty words, by words unkind or wrongly taken by pride and stubbornness, humiliating though it be to own it, all these uglinesses appeared.

'Not seldom, in our earlier years, such things came to threaten the harmony of our lives—to threaten, but never to destroy, for always awaiting us, at the close of each day, was the moment—too precious after that first day, ever to be omitted or spared—when together we entered into the sanctuary of our lives to render to God the worship of our souls and to renew with each other our covenant of love.

'Many a day I recall through whose long hours I have carried about the hurt of a sore heart, wounded by some quick word or thoughtless act, or have endured the burden of my own conscience reproving me for some injustice or neglect. Often at these moments have I looked forward with longing to the moment of clasped hands when it would be easy to utter the contrite word, and say, "Forgive me," or, in receiving the assurance of unchanged love, to feel the hurt in my heart healed by a word. In the truth and sacredness of that moment, pride has melted to tenderness; doubt and questioning have become happy confidence; injustice and wilful misrepresentation of each other have vanished.

'And so, though days have come whose surface discords have disturbed, no day of all the years we have spent together has ended in aught but love and harmony.

'Each for the other, and both for God, Sylvia, life lived according to the spirit of these words will bring—has brought—to married companionship a beauty and blessedness beyond all else in human experience. God grant it may be yours to know its fullest measure!

They were sitting no longer in darkness. The late moon had risen to flood the summer night with its softened glory. Sylvia lifted her wet eyes to the face of the wife, but the tears that shone in them were not sorrowful, only tender.

'It has all grown bright while we have talked,' she said.—'Parish and Home.'

St. Valentine.

The February issue of the 'Canadian Pictorial' will be a kind of Valentine Number. St. Valentine's day comes on the 14th of February every year, but in Leap Year the day never passes without something happening that rejoices Master Cupid. This number will possibly set forces in motion in the right direction.

The cover has been specially designed for the 'Canadian Pictorial' by the well-known Canadian artist, Mr. D. P. McMillan, and represents a young girl in maiden meditation with a valentine in her hand and the bewitcheries of Cupid hovering over her. Other valentine features will be found of interest.

The February issue also contains the life story of Florence Nightingale, who has just been decorated by the King with the order of merit. She is the first woman to receive it. There are sporting scenes, winter views and news pictures of events in various parts of the world in which Canadians are interested. Among the features will be a collection of portraits of the presidents of the Canadian Clubs that have now spread to almost every town in Canada. The usual departments will be of remarkable interest this month.

THE
ROBERT**SIMPSON** COMPANY,
LIMITED

Toronto, Canada.

Shop in Toronto at Our Expense

As a special inducement to readers of the 'Messenger' to shop in Toronto, we will during the January Sale deliver free of charge to your nearest post office or railway station any orders from this page amounting to \$5.00 or over. This means you can do business with us in Toronto to better advantage than though we were located in your midst. If you want to realize how near we are to you, and take advantage of Toronto styles and prices, send us an order and see how quickly we will deliver the goods.

Handsome Black Sateen Underskirts.

N.M.198—An exceptionally good Underskirt of highly finished black mercerized sateen; cut generously full and made with a 13 inch flounce trimmed with strapping and stitching; deep accordion pleated frill and narrow gathered frill at bottom; dust ruffle full depth of pleating; supplied in lengths 38, 40 and 42 inches.

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Men's Sheepskin-lined Coats Reduced

K2350. Men's Heavy Khaki Duck Working Coats, with thick extra full furred



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sheepskin linings, deep 6-inch storm collar, two deep full sized pockets, double stitched and reinforced with leather, soft warm double elastic ribbed wool cuff inside sleeve, buttoned close up at throat, as cut K2350, sizes 36 to 46, regular \$6.00, Mail Order Cut Price . . . **\$3.95**

Mail Order Cut Price in Boys' Overcoats.

N.M.199—Boys' Medium and Dark Grey Winter Overcoats, fancy Russian style, made to button close up at throat, of a smooth soft-finished cloth, neat velvet collar turn-down Prussian style, fancy metal button, patent leather belt and Italian cloth lining throughout, in sizes from 3 to 8 years, regular \$3.75. Special Mail Order Cut Price

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N.M. 200—Separate Skirt of Union Tweed in medium grey mixtures, made with 13 gores; each laid in deep pleats, trimmed with folds of self, finished with deep hem instead of facing; seams all bound with sateen. The skirt is a very attractive model and exceptionally well tailored, supplied in lengths from 37 to 42 inches, and waistbands from 22 to 29 inches. The best

skirts we ever offered at the price, **\$2.45**



N.M. 201—Skirt of French Venetian, black, navy, green, brown and cardinal, made with ripple flare sides and pleated front, trimmed with fold of self, silk waistband, inverted pleat back. This skirt is one of the latest styles, and is unmatched anywhere at the price. Why pay more? Sizes 37 to 42 inch lengths and 22 to 27 inch bands. Price

\$5.00



N.M. 202—Stylish Fitted Coat, of black vicuna, 50 inches long, trimmed with tailored strapping, in-laid velvet collar, sleeves and body lined with sateen, brimful of style and quality; comes in sizes 32 to 40 inches bust measure. A limited number only to sell at January Sale price, **\$9.50**

Special sizes, \$1.50 extra?

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FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.



DAINTY UNDERWEAR.

No. 5904. No. 5907.

Well shaped underwear is now regarded as a very important part of the wardrobe. The two models here shown were designed with regard to comfort as well as to appearance. The corset cover has square cut neck, or it could be made of a strip of embroidery. The French circular drawers take the place of an extra underskirt, thus avoiding all extra fullness around the waist. The choicest materials are fine linen, batiste, cambric and nainsook. For 36 inch bust measure 1 3-8 yards of 36 inch material will be required for the corset cover, and 3 1-4 yards for the drawers. Ladies' square neck corset cover, No. 5904, sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 41 and 42 inches bust measure. Ladies' French drawers, No. 5907, sizes for 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Price of patterns, 10 cents for each, in silver or stamps, or 20 cents for the two complete as shown.

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N.B.—It is always safer to cut out illustrations and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. Allow one week beyond time needed for return of post, as orders are handled in rotation. Price, 10 cents, in stamps or postal note. Address 'Northern Messenger' Pattern Department, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Men and Their Children.

The following article from Hon. Wm. J. Bryan's new paper, 'The Commoner,' will be read with interest as evidence of the attitude of all broad, earnest, sincere men toward their children. These are examples of men in public position. The number of similar cases in the great ranks of middle life is indeed very large, but nowhere near what it should be. Surely with such examples fathers should never have hesitancy nor lack the spirit to take equal interest, pride, pleasure, and profit in their offspring.

The new district attorney for the city of New York, in an interview with a newspaper reporter, said of children:—

"When I am not working, there's nothing I'd rather do than spend the time with them, entering into their thoughts, and watching the development of their minds. Children are wonderful beings!"

Commenting upon this, the New York 'World' adds:—

"The Czar of all the Russias has made it a point to spend three hours a day with his children. Thomas Jefferson's happiest hours were spent in working and playing with his children. Charles Dickens found his best recreation in the same way. Abraham Lincoln soothed the anxieties of war days by romping with his boys in the White House. And New England's grand old man, Edward Everett Hale, has kept young in spite of a long life of hard public labor by cultivating the society of his children and their children. Wherever, indeed, you find a truly wise father you will discover him taking and giving benefits in loving, studying, and appreciating his children."

'Keeping close to the children is not only a fatherly duty, but it is a valuable privilege to the busy man. Not all of the responsibility for the rearing of the little ones rests upon the mother, although it is true the burden is usually shifted to her shoulders. But the father can at least set a good example to his little ones, and, when seeking rest from the cares of his business, he can aid in their training, and at the same time obtain profitable relaxation for himself.

'The man who, seeing so much insincerity in the world, has become a pessimist, will be brought back to his moorings by cultivating the society of little children. There he will find sincerity; there he will find friendship; there he will find truth. And it is not too much to say that no man is so well educated that he cannot learn from little children something that will improve his mind; no man is so good that he cannot obtain from little children something that will make him better. The good father should be a companion to his children, not only in order that he may assist in their training, but also that he himself may be benefited by the association.'

Teach Boys Loyalty.

A great deal has been said about the subject of honesty for boys, but to be honest does not mean that you must disclose secrets belonging to others. 'Would you have me tell a lie?' asked a youth indignantly when rebuked for letting out a business secret. 'He asked me and what could I say?' The employer pointed out the mistake and said gravely, 'You should have said no.'

Your father or mother would be glad to see the big offers we make them on page 13.

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thing. We expect our clerks to be loyal to us, and can employ no one who has not learned discretion.' If there are things in the lives of your employers that you can not approve of, you need not mention them. Of course no boy would want to remain with dishonest men, no matter what inducements they offered, but little faults and failings should never be spoken of to anyone.—Selected.

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